THE TICKLER.

BY TOBY SCRATCH'EM.

VOL II.——No. 12. Whole No. 64.

" Curst be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one *worthy man* my foe,
Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,
Or from the soft-ey'd virgin steal a tear!"

POPE.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 3, 1809.

TERMS OF THE TICKLER.

I. THE TICKLER shall be printed on a neat type and good paper, medium size, and delivered to subscribers residing within the city and suburbs on every Wednesday morning, Papers for subscribers residing at a distance, shall be forwarded according to the directions given.

II. Subscription——Four dollars per annum, payable quarterly, IN ADVANCE. Subscribers not residing within the city and suburbs pay half yearly, in advance. Single papers, twelve and an half cents.

III. Unless notice is given of an intention to discontinue, at the end of a quarterly, semi-annual, or annual subscription, the omission will be considered as a new engagement, and the papers forwarded accordingly.

Subscriptions received at the publication office, No. 131, South Front-street.

'There is pleasure in Riding, which none but Horsemen know.'

Old Riding School,

CENTRE-SQUARE.

T. SWANN respectfully informs his patrons and the public in general, that he intends to re-open his Riding School on Monday the 17th inst, and will use his utmost endeavours in teaching Ladies and Gentlemen real Horsemanship, agreeable to the strictest mechanic rules of art, &c.

Horses carefully and expeditiously broke, for the purpose of riding, either for ladies or gentlemen.

Also, the new exercise of the BROAD SWORD, taught by T. S. on the exact principles laid down by Major La Merchant, and practised by every troop both of the French and English, without the smallest variation.

NB. The School is much enlarged, so as to occupy a space of 150 feet by 54. being sufficient to practise a troop of cavalry at one and the same time.

April 5.

FOR SALE,

AT THIS OFFICE, A FEW COPIES OF THE

National Songster.

Containing a collection of the most modern and admired patriotic, sentimental, anacreontic, comic, any masonic songs, original and selected.

Feb. 15.

Printing.

Books, pamphlets, cards, handbills, and every species of printing, neatly and promptly executed, on reasonable terms, at the office of the Tickler.

Scythe Stones.

FIRST quality Crum-creek Scythe Stones, for sale by John M'Ilvain, jr. No. 151, South-street.

April 12.

Proposals

FOR PUBLISHING BY SUBSCRIPTION,

A VOLUME OF POEMS,

ENTITLED

PILLS,

POETICAL, POLITICAL & PHILOSOPHICAL

PRESCRIBED FOR THE PURPOSE

OF PURGING THE PUBLIC

OF

PIDDLING PHILOSOPHERS, PUNY POETASTERS, PALTRY POLITICIANS AND PETTY PARTIZANS.

BY PETER PEPPER-BOX,

Poet and Physician.

No common medicines are fit
For Patient by a mad dog bit;
And poison must, as Galen held,
By counter-poison be expelled.

PARACELSUS.

The following extracts from the principal poem, are specimens of the proposed publication.

I WOULD, *imprimis*, seek resource,
In acts forbidding intercourse,
Direct or indirect communion,
Between the MOON, and this our union;
For madam Luna, has, in fact,
Committed many a hostile act,
And is beyond all calculation
The greatest foe to our great nation.
The truth to tell, I question, whether
Should all the Old World club together,
A host of devils, every one,
They'd 'do the harm,' which she has done.
The MOON, an intermeddling jade,
Caused our embargo to be laid;
Which shows this patroness of fools
Can make OUR Solomons her tools.

AGAIN.

Among our patriotic cares
In this great crisis of affairs,
Our most imperious duty it is
To seek 'asylum' for our cities,
The scourge of horrid war to shun.
I would remove them every one,
From off the sea board to the interior:
New-York I'd place in Lake Superior,
Send Philadelphia over by land
As far as Blannerhasset's island.
(For gun-boat number one you know
Can take the largest one in tow,
O'er hill and valley make her wag on
Like conjurer drawn by fiery dragon)
Perhaps, however, if she's lucky,
She'll gain a settlement in Kentucky,
A country, which they tell us vies
In point of soil with Paradise;
Where turnips, beets and carrots grow
Until they reach the shades below,
And thus the gifts of Ceres yield
To tenants of Elysian field;
And parsnips stretch their roots with ease,
Quite through to our antipodes,
And Chinese thieves, if fame says true,
To rob our farmers pull them through!

CONDITIONS.

The work shall contain from 150 to 200 pages duodecimo, handsomely printed on paper of a good quality.

Price to subscribers will be one dollar in boards.

Subscriptions received at this office.

April 12, 1809.

Dr. Godbold's

Vegetable Balm of Life.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

IN offering to the public a medicine, the discovery of the late celebrated Dr. Godbold, it might be almost unnecessary to give any details of its superior efficacy or merits; he, who from his knowledge of the treasures of the vegetable world, extracted so many rich and salutary substances, and who applied them so successfully in restoring the blessings of health to his countrymen, that thousands have given testimonials of the services received from him. It would be, however, unjust to the properties of this invaluable medicine, to withhold particularizing some of its sanative virtues.

Amongst several much esteemed specifics which Dr. Godbold prepared, it was in the preparation of *this* now offered to the public, that he had the firmest confidence, it was in this which he administered with the fullest success, and from which he acquired his high reputation and extensive fortune.

In Colds, Catarrhs and Coughs it gently opens the breast, immediately gives liberty of breathing, and allays the tickling which provokes frequent coughing. In hoarseness and Asthmas it clears all obstructions of the lungs, and heals any rawness or soreness therefrom. In debilitated stomachs, flatulency, windy complaints, weakness of appetite whether occasioned by a natural weakness of constitution, or by over indulgence in the table, and in eruptions on the face, where they arise from impurity of blood. This inestimable specific is without a superior: it is a bracer of the solids, and a promoter of digestion, and renovates the stomach, by mixing with the blood and juices, applying itself to the seat of the disorder, which it removes by its healing qualities. In complaints the offsprings of a sedentary life, in sick head-ache, female weaknesses, and indeed debility in either sex; its salutary powers have been remarkably eminent, even in cases that had been deemed by some of the faculty incurable; its tendency being to invigogorate and to improve the general health, occasioning no danger from cold, and requiring neither confinement nor change of diet.

The very numerous and respectable testimonies from the first and most leading characters, shew the great excellence of this medicine, which the proprietor now offers in the fullest confidence, that it will prove of general utility to the public at large, and wherever it is tried, will acquire that value and esteem which it so highly merits.

To children in earliest infancy it may be administered with the most perfect safety, always mixing it with water, and proportioning the quantity to their respective ages. To women during a state of pregnancy, when the stomach is so liable to be disordered, this vegetable cordial is highly balsamic and restorative.

This medicine is sold by appointment of the proprietor, in bottles at one dollar each, by

W. LEHMAN, W. SMITH & SON,
South Second-street, 1st house above the Bank of Pennsylvania.
JOHN Y. BRYANT,
Corner of Pine & Second-streets.
JOHN HART,
South Second near Market-street.
BAZIN & CO.
No. 11, north Second-street.
SAMUEL WETHERILL & SON,
Front-street near Arch-street.
JOHN WETHERILL,
Corner of Arch and Front-streets.
STEPHEN NORTH,
No. 85, Market-street.
JOSEPH LEHMAN,
No. 222, Market-street.

And likewise by the proprietor himself,

Henry Ward,

Corner of Walnut and Eighth-streets.

At the same places may be had, Dr. Jebt's Nature's Restorative, and also, Dr. Tissot's Gout and Rheumatic Drops.

A liberal allowance will be made to those who purchase by the dozen.

NB. None are genuine without the signature of the proprietor as above.

May 3, 1809.

The Tickler.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 3.

FOR THE TICKLER.

Reflections of a newly made M. D. the evening after receiving the honors of an University.

It is finished. The ordeal which has oft been called a fiery one is over; but, can I conscientiously take the lives of my countrymen under my care, because I have thus passed thro' the farcical scene of an examination as it is at present conducted. Do the flimsy questions put to me by the professors, because they were answered, authorize me to take charge of a parent whose family depends solely on him for support, or of a child, who is the darling object of a fond mother? I am compelled to say *no:* but being sensible of my own inability it shall be my constant care to read, mark and learn.

Can it be possible that sixty pupils are competent to exercise the duties of their profession conscientiously! methinks if they were, there would have been no quarrelling among the professors. Who are the delinquents, who produced this schism? It was not this or that man, for *all* have received *diplomas*, therefore all, all are honorable and scientific men. 'Artis medicæ scientia plenius instructum!' can professors lay their hands upon their hearts when they sign an instrument containing these words, or is it the *half eagles* that glitter in their eyes and tempt them to wield their pens.

How many are they who know not calomel from ceruse, Peruvian bark from quercitron, jalap from ipecac, or arsenic from tartar emetic, without the apothecary's label, for surely this knowledge could not have been obtained at the theatre, circus, loo-parties and practising balls.

There is an error in the medical school which ought ty be corrected. One or two courses of lectures ought not to be considered sufficient to obtain a diploma. It ought to be a standing rule that no one should graduate, who has not served an apprenticeship of at least five years and during that time, applied himself diligently to his studies, before the lives of the community are intrusted to his care—the legislatures of the states should pass a law on this subject. It is impossible that 60 men can be properly examined in the short space of time allotted by the professors. If there be too many, establish another school in this city. I have been asked, 'why do you pass by Baltimore to come to Philadelphia.' My answer has uniformly been, there is not a *Rush* or a *Woodhouse* to the southward or northward of Philadelphia. It is they, and they *only*, who attract the students, and to them the University is indebted for its present celebrity. I sincerely hope, for the honor of the city of Philadelphia, that new arrangements may hereafter be made, for tho' I may be far removed in the western wilds, I shall ever cherish a grateful remembrance of the many marks of attention I have received from its inhabitants.

May 3, 1809.

A SINGULAR EXAMINATION,

BEFORE

A Justice of the Peace, in England.

Justice. What have you to allege against the prisoner?

Accuser. Please your worship's grace, I am come to prosecute him on the dog act.

Prisoner. It is a false charge. I never stole a dog in all my born days: and if any one should dare to say I did, I would tell him he was a *gallows* liar to his face.

Accuser. I say you are one of the *most notedest* dog-stealers in England, and I can prove *as how* you stole my *bitch*.

Prisoner. As to my stealing a few *bitches* now & then, I do not pretend to deny. It is better to pick up a little money in an honest employment like that, than to lounge about like an idle vagabond. There is no harm at all in stealing *bitches*.

Justice. I believe, fellow, I shall convince you to the contrary.

Prisoner. You must not pretend to tell me law better than I *knows* it. I was bred to the crown law, & served a regular clerkship to it among my brethren in the neighbourhood of Chicken-lane. I think I should have made a figure, if I had been called to the *bar*.

Justice. Then you will shortly have an opportunity of shining in your proper sphere.

Prisoner. I should have been hanged many sessions ago, *if so be* as I had not been clever in turning and twining the acts of parliament. I have not studied law for nothing. Lord bless your dear worship's eyes, I have made the *most learned* judges *going*, knock under to me. When I came to explain and *indemnificate* what law was, they hung down their ears, looked foolish, and had not a word to say for themselves.

Justice. Have you not stole the man's bitch?

Prisoner. I have.

Justice. Then I shall convict you in the penalty of forty pounds.

Prisoner. I have carefully perused the act of parliament, and defy you, or any other dealer in the peace to hurt a hair of my head. You must not pretend to teach those that can teach you, I knows a thing or two, and if you do not mind what you are about, you may, perhaps, catch cold.

Justice. If you threaten me I shall certainly commit you.

Prisoner. You had better commit fornication.

Justice. Is not a *bitch* a *dog?*

Prisoner. Is not your wife a justice of the peace? Your worship would not pretend to say now, that a *cow* is a *bull!*

Justice. I insist upon it, that according to the true spirit of the statute, a dog and a bitch is exactly the same thing.

Prisoner. I dare you to convict me on the statute of 10 G. 3. The word bitch is not so much as mentioned in it. I had the opinion of my brethren upon this *gig*, and blast me if I do not steal as many *bitches* as I come near, spite of all the *old women* in the commission.

Justice. If you call me an old woman again, I will trounce you.

Prisoner. Read that, and be convinced, [presenting to the justice the act of parliament against dog stealing.]

Justice. [After having read the act.] Discharge this fellow—I shall not venture to commit him.

Prisoner. Lord help the poor law-makers, they always leave a hole for a man of *geniosity* to creep out of! If they have a mind to make their acts binding, they must consult one of us knowing ones, who are up to a thing or two, which is more than you are.

Exeunt severally.

Monday the 24th ult. was the day prescribed by law, for the officers of the several regiments of Militia, throughout the state, to meet for the purpose of learning the manual exercise, in order to enable them to instruct their men. The gallant colonel Cyclops, who commands the 28th regiment, met his officers at a *tavern* in Race-street—the first evolution they undertook, was '*handle arms*'—this was performed to a miracle, for three successive rounds, and three bottles of wine were emptied in a manner perfectly military. 'Tis said the expence of the wine is to be defrayed out of the military chest of the regiment.

They next attacked brandy, gin-toddy and tantarabobuses, with amazing alacrity. When Cyclops thought that the spirits of his officers had been wound up to the 'key martial,' he marched them off to the sign of the Harrow, in Filbert-street, where each *gentleman* contributed a fippenny-bit, to be expended in something good; this ammunition was soon expended; but a seasonable supply was received from some guests, who treated liberally to be admitted into this circle of military heroes.

All soon became as *happy* as princes—Cyclops mounted a chair, instead of a horse, and ordered the officers to salute him *en passant*, three several times, which they performed tolerably well, considering the state they were in. When *night-fall* came on, the colonel marched his officers back to the Race-street tavern, where a small skirmish took place between lieutenants *Jack-plane* and *Dash*, in which the former only received a trifling cut in the upper lip, and the latter only a bit of a tip on his smeller.

Solomons in Council.

Last Thursday evening the city Solomons held a stated meeting.

Eloquent Mosey Stewart, who never says more than yes or no, has been very remiss in his attendance, until lately. Perhaps he was deterred from meeting the Solomons, by his apprehensions of our publishing a queer story about Mosey's raffling or playing at cards for geese last winter. But he need not feel uneasy, as we will not tell a word about his going to a small tippling house in Vine-street, where, after several games he won a *goose*—the geese were soon all played for, and as the *gentlemen* present were still inclined for sport, Mosey sett up his goose. When the game was about half over, a *sable coloured* gentleman, who owned the cards, was called away and took the pack with him. This occasioned some difficulty among the *sportsmen*, who would have been unable to decide to whom the *goose* belonged, had not the landlady succeeded in borrowing another pack of cards.

Johnny Steal, the New Market orator, also graced the board of Solomons with his presence. In our next report we shall probably notice a pecuniary transaction, which shows that Jackey is a pretty adroit fellow.

A petition that was presented, praying to have a particular square paved, contained a most atrocious libel on the Solomons—it called them 'an *enlightened* body,'—when there is none among them entitled to be called 'enlightened,' except Alek Cook, the candle-maker.

Goosey Browne presented a letter to Tom Ass, the president, without stating by whom it was subscribed; and Tom, after scratching the back of his neck, as though he had a return of his national disease, asked the council '*sal thes letter be read,*' when, according to all parliamentary rules, the purport of the letter ought to have been stated to the Solomons.

Goosey Browne, probably owing to the absence of Tom Gordon, appeared to have the whole weight of legislation resting upon his shoulders. Browne is undoubtedly a great man—but very versatile—once a monarchist, for he said that he would sooner see this country governed by king George, than that Jefferson should be president. He next subsided into a federalist: but as they overlooked his vast talents, 'he took his pigs to another market,' and became a violent democrat. Not obtaining his looked for preferment, he turned quid—— then quadroon, and now is again a democrat. Should the vane of the State-house steeple wear out, we would advise our county commissioners to place Browne in its room, as he would make an excellent weathercock.

The owners of property in several squares, where paving is much wanted, having tendered loans of the money requisite to attain the object, without interest for four years, the Solomons, for once in their lives, evinced sense enough to accept the proffers. Indeed John Steal said 'that he would have no objections to the owners of property paving out to Schuylkill, provided they found the money.'

Indisposition obliged us to retire before the adjournment took place.

Next meeting on the evening of the 11th inst.

Immediately on Michael Bright's appointment to the office of Inspector of flour, he dismissed all the old deputies, federalists or constitutionalists, except *one*. It will probably be asked why he retained even one. Why, although the man is a decided federalist he has continued him as one of his deputies, because——he lives in one of Bright's houses, and pays him rent; only a wheel within a wheel.

During last winter a man was convicted, in Wayne county, of the horrid crime of murder in the first degree. The King of Ignorance was so full of pomposity and official consequence, that he signed a death warrant, ordering the wretch to be executed sometime in February, 1808, only about nine months prior to the time the criminal perpetrated the bloody deed. This, we surmise, was done by way of experiment, to antedate a warrant for an execution, to enable a man's posterity to prove that he was not hung for the crime alleged against him.

The sheriff of Wayne county discovered the blunder; and as he did not feel willing to lay the blood of even the guilty at his own door, he sent off to Lancaster, to his Majesty for a proper warrant to execute the sentence of the law on the culprit. This occasioned some delay, and the time specified in the first warrant having, by the blunder of King Simon, expired long since, he ought to have reprieved the fellow. But, oh! blessed reign of Ignorance! How *comfortable* to reflect that his majesty's regal term does not expire in less than 2 years and 7 months; unless an impeachment should sooner rid Pennsylvania of the source of her degradation.

As the Maidstone mocking bird, Binns, was lately going to Lancaster to give Simon a lesson on government, he staid over night at Downingstown. It chanced that a debating society held their meeting on that evening, and were engaged in disputing whether punishing even the most atrocious crimes with death, was justifiable. Binns, who regards the Scripture no more than he does the truth, now stepped in, and maintained that it was not justifiable to take away the lives of the most blood thirsty ruffians——this was all very natural, when we recollect that he spoke from his own case, & doubtless felt the subject—if he can feel!

Our city was recently alarmed by a cry of fire, & on enquiry it was ascertained to be in a DISTILLERY, in Front-street, above Callowhill street. Although the Resolution hose house is about 7 squares distant from the *distillery*, yet such was their unparalleled activity on learning *where* the fire was, that theirs was the first apparatus on the ground for extinguishing fires; and it was principally owing to their indefatigable exertions that the distillery was rescued from the flames.

One gentleman, a lieut. Dash, while engaged in rolling out a hogshead of whiskey, very narrowly escaped being crushed to death by the fall of a chimney. We feel happy in being able to announce, that he escaped with a few severe, though not dangerous bruises.

All the liquor in the distillery was saved except two hogsheads of rum.

If JOHN HOPKINS, the razor strop man, was now in London, we should place the following story to his account.

The female of a wonderful species of Fish, was taken on the Dorsetshire coast in England, on the 9th of June last; the best informed in natural history, call it a non descript, as no naturalist has ever described it; it is viviparous, having, when taken, a young one in her belly. She had in her maw *one thousand seven hundred* MACKRELS: she measured twenty-feet in length, & about eighteen in circumference: had four rows of teeth. This surprising inhabitant of the watery kingdom was drawn on shore by SEVEN HORSES and about ONE HUNDRED MEN.

An accommodating Virginian has advertised that he has for the *convenience of the public* erected a Cock Pit at the Wig Wam Gardens, where the elegant entertainment of *Cock-fighting* may be enjoyed every Saturday during the season.——*Raleigh Star.*

☞ The article respecting 'a bank check' is received, and shall appear next week.

EMBARGO.

We had hoped to hear no more of this disagreeable word, now our differences with England are settled: but our neigbors, the administration printers are determined to keep the word still ringing in our ears. They now say the embargo has brought about this happy event. On men who can make such an assertion at this time, argument must be lost. We have nothing therefore to say to them. We may find it necessary in some future paper to expose the fallacy of some of their pretended arguments. Not with an idea of convincing them, for they are determined to shut their eyes and ears to the truth; but to undeceive those who they wish to make as blind as themselves. At present we shall only relate a short anecdote.

Two sailors who had been 'swigging the flowing can' until they found themselves *half seas over*, took it into their heads to stagger into a church yard and read the epitaphs on the tomb stones. On one of these 'frail memorials' of 'the unhonored dead,' they found the following line:

'I am not dead, but sleeping here.'

'Now,' said Jack to his comrade, 'I think this is carrying the lie too far. When I am dead I'll own it.'

Wash. Fed.

NEW POET LAUREAT.

Johnny Cochran will soon have as many titles as a Spanish chevalier. At present he can claim those of deputy-surveyor, miller, judge, secretary to the land-office and poet laureat to his 'Tannic majesty, Simon the first, by the grace of Ignorance, king of the locusts. The last title he obtained by virtue of his superior composition of a celebrated song called 'The Constitution and the Tinker; or the new way of mending Canisters by knocking holes in them.' From the words '*toll* and jacobstaff' used in the following ode, it undoubtedly must have been the production of the laureat himself, and he must have carelessly dropt it, while he was lately racking his brain with the important invention of a *fifth* wheel to a waggon.

....

Birth-day Ode.

TO HIS MAJESTY.

Hail matchless monarch!
  Hail to thee!
Thou *Jacobstaff* of majesty!
Who will not pay a *toll* to thee,
By singing of thy royalty,
I'll ever be his enemy.
  Who loves not thee's a foe to me
  And I and he will not agree.

Thy beauty! such no man can boast!
I knew it ere I gave that toast,
  Which knavish Hamilton repeated;
Thy lovely *likeness* none can draw,
And soon as e'er I look'd, I saw,
  That Painter *Sully** had you cheated.

Thy well-turn'd legs, thy trumpet lips,
Capricious nature far outstrips,
  I often have thee spied,
In 'suit of homespun' nicely clad,
As handson e, neat and trim a lad,
  As ever *tann'd a hide*.

And then, thy lovely head so round,
So closely *stuff*'d with sense profound,
  With wisdom every cranny!
But this you know was all foretold
Before you was a minute old,
  We had it from the *granny*.

Lo! at thy birth the thunder roll'd,
The vaulted sky was lin'd with gold,
In token of thy spirit bold,
Which order'd out thy warrior band
And bade the gallant *Bright* command;
Who swore be't what it might he'd risque it
Or never more he'd bake a biscuit.

O Simon! Simon! first of princes,
What wisdom this *thy* act evinces.
The whole was *thine*—the glory due,
Is due alone, great prince, to you!

Who ordered out the men but thee!
Thou *Jacobstaff* of majesty!
Who kept the mammoth marshal clear
From seizing David's† daughters dear?
Thou—warrior bold!—Thou—mighty king!
Thou did—Indeed thou didst the thing!

Then, matchless monarch!
  Hail to thee!
Thou Jacobstaff of majesty!
Who will not pay a toll to thee
I'll ever be his enemy—
  Who loves not thee's a foe to me
  And I and he can ne'er agree.

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* Sully, the painter, lately took his 'Tannic Majesty's likeness.

† David Rittenhouse, Esq.

For the TICKLER.

EPIGRAM.

Says Boney to Alek, 'come brother we'll join,
Half of Europe be yours—the other half mine;
As you my dear brother are fond of roast beef,
Old England be yours, tho' I give it with grief;
And for consolation tho' feeble, I'll try
To comfort myself with a fine Turkey-pie.

Martial Intelligence.

A second Bonaparte come to light.

.....

The men composing the 8th company in the 50th regiment of the Grand Army of Pennsylvania, having omitted to attend, conformably to notice given, to elect a captain for that company, the field officers of the regiment, agreeably to the provisions of the militia law, returned lawyer Lisp, to the King of Ignorance, as a *fit person* to supply the omission; and we understand that his majesty having been graciously pleased to approve of the recommendation of Mr. Lisp, by the field officers, has sent him a commission as a captain in that regiment. Thus has Lisp at length partially succeeded in his avowed determination to obtain an appointment from the King of Ignorance—and although it does not bring in the '*feeths*,' yet it is an appointment—and an appointment is—an appointment.

On Monday last, it being the day prescribed by law, for the entire Grand Army to meet in companies, or sub-sub-sub-divisions, the military prodigy, stepped into the *Campus Martius*, or state-house-yard—*out of uniform*, to the infinite regret of at least 100 longing spectators, who heartily joined in execrating all lazy taylors and hatters, because by their negligence, captain Lisp could not appear in all his airs and graces. It was 3 o'clock within 5 minutes, when Lisp made his *entree* into the yard—but as this was his maiden parade, we hope that his superiors will excuse his want of punctuality. As soon as he entered, all eyes were directed towards him—'there he is, there he is at last!' echoed and re-echoed from fifty mouths at once—down the gravel walk trotted captain Lisp, to look for his company, while his men had been long looking for him; his pace though partook too much of the air of business usual among old clothes men, to be thought military; but this will be easily remedied when Lisp learns to turn out his toes and march to the heavy tap of the drum.

After considerable perambulation, or rather dog-trotting, captain Lisp succeeded in finding some of his men, and as he felt the heat of the sun rather too intensely for the delicacy of his frame, he proposed that '*they should muthter in the tshade*'—this would have incontrovertibly proved him to be not a mere soldier for sunshine—but he was guided by the opinion of his men, who advised him to send for an umbrella. This compliance of Lisp with the wishes of his men, though rather novel in tactics, is perfectly democratic, as it admits them to a participation in their own government—Lisp, however did not think it quite military to appear with an umbrella on parade, though he did not remove his men into the shade, but bravely resolved even to face the sun himself.

Having arranged all the men belonging to his company that he could find within the walls of the yard; and after several times exhorting with all the voice he was master of, "all thothze who are members of the 8th company, *please* to turn in the rankths," he proceeded to call his muster roll. The term '*please* to turn in,' had an admirable effect, and proves that captain Lisp still blends the *suavitur in modo, fortitur in re.*

Among his men, we heard him call the name of a man upwards of 70 years of age; and another, who has been several years in the United States' service, was served with one of his notices—but great men are sometimes liable to mistakes.

Upon counting his line we discovered that he exactly had 12 men, so that he might have addressed them either as a jury or as soldiers—but hold!—no, not as a jury, for he only had 11 men and one *lawyer*.

When he had finished calling over his muster roll, he ordered his men, 'to the right about fathe——dithmith.' Thus we dismiss him till Thursday the 11th of May.

INSPECTOR OF LUMBER.

JAKEY MITCHELL, *member of the Assembly.*

Jacob has been long at market, and a most servilely faithful tool to the king of Ignorance, and as 'the laborer is worthy of his hire,' so has Mitchel earned his office.

From TEN to FIFTEEN members of the state legislature took home their commissions as county officers, when they adjourned. But Binns will tell us that Lancaster is the very centre of *pure* republicanism, and that the king of Ignorance will never endeavour to exercise an undue executive influence, by appointing members of the legislature, and a parcel of printers, to offices solely at his disposal.

John Binns & Co. the guardians of the king of Ignorance, have selected the following characters to compose the Board of Health, &c. and said nomination having been graciously acceded to by his majesty, they all have received their respective commissions.

Dr. Elijah Griffiths, may possibly make a tolerable member of the Board of Health; but if he is not a better doctor than a legislator, the Lord have mercy on us during the approaching warm weather. He is one of our city Solomons; but as he cannot hold a seat in the Common Council, and exercise the functions of a member of the Board of Health at the same time, it will put Liberty Browne to some inconvenience to know when his little wits are about deserting from his crazed pericranium.

Dr. Isaac Heylin.

Colonel Hugh Ferguson—why did not the dictators to the king of Ignorance take the directory, and select one from among the old nurses or female *accouchers*—or in short, any other old maid in breeches would have answered full as well as Hughey.

Ebenezer Ferguson, Esq. the *chaste* Irish-town justass of the peace—he now may enter *any house* in Southwark, by virtue of his office, without any apprehensions of incurring the censures of the society for suppressing vice and immorality.

Billy Binder, the beer-sucker, completes the quintetto. The king of Ignorance we perceive has kept an eye to the welfare of his liege subjects at Lancaster, by appointing Bill to a situation that will keep him from going there next winter, and thus prevent a repetition of his enhancing the price of beer.

The minds of our wonder loving citizens had ample scope for the exercise of his usual propensity for diving into futurity, on Sunday and Monday last, by the disagreement of the Jury that tried Bright and others, for opposing the marshal. They are considerably indebted to the disinterested exertions of Mat Randall, who kindly ran to the court house almost every other hour, and then sallied through the streets to inform the citizens that the jury had not yet came to an agreement. Mat certainly 'deserves well of his' fellow-citizens, as we have been assured that he slept no more than did the jury, during their continuance in the room.

On Monday the jury returned a verdict against all the defendants, of guilty, of knowingly and wilfully obstructing, resisting and opposing the Marshal, in his attempt to serve and execute the judicial writ of arrest mentioned in the indictment, but that the defendants acted under the order of the constituted authorities of Pennsylvania in so obstructing and resisting the Marshal—the jury then leave the court to say, whether upon the whole matter, thus found the law is in favor of the United States, or the defendants, and if the court are of opinion, that the law is with the United States, then the jury find the defendants, and every of them GUILTY, but if the court are of opinion that the law is with the defendants, then they find them and every of them NOT GUILTY.

In a recent conversation which took place in a public house, respecting the trial of Bright and others, for opposing the marshal in the execution of his duty, that renowned warrior, colonel Nicodemus Lloyd declared, 'upon the honor of a soldier,' that if general Bright or any of his men, came to harm from acting as they had done, that HE *would resign the service.*' What an irreparable loss to the Grand army of Pennsylvania!

From the LANCASTER TIMES.

TO SIMON SNYDER,

Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

.....

If a combination of meanness and deception, will render even a man of talents contemptible, what must be the effect of such a combination on a person of your *slender* acquirements, and understanding? Raised to eminence by a *popular tornado*, like *chaff* elevated above the *surface* of the earth by a whirlwind, you must sink, as soon as a calm takes place.

Your treatment of Mr. Maclay, partakes of perfidy, as well as of meanness and deception. You offered him the office of surveyor general of this commonwealth, while he was attending to his duty, as one of our senators in the congress of the United States, at the city of Washington. In consequence of this offer, Mr. Maclay came on to Lancaster, where the arrangements were made for his taking possession of the office, but previous to which, he found it necessary to visit his family, and accompanied you on his way home, to your residence at Selin's Grove. About two weeks afterwards, he returned to Lancaster to receive his commission; when according to your usual *cant* or *slang*, you informed him that the public opinion was not in his favor, and consequently could not expect the appointment! This, sir, was an important discovery, and which you appear to have made on more occasions than one. But, do you think that this *cant* will be sufficient to veil from the public eye, your perfidy, your want of decision and candour.

Your treatment of Mr. Maclay, naturally introduces the following queries.

Query. When you first offered Mr. Maclay, the office of surveyor general, did you not annex to it the condition, that he should appoint your *relation* Simon Snyder, commonly called black Simon, his first clerk? and did not Mr. Maclay reject the proposition? Thirdly, did you not afterwards offer him the commission without conditions?

Has not your brother-in-law Mr. Wm. Michael, been appointed *first* clerk in the office of the register general? and did *you* not appoint this same register general? Was there no understanding between you and the register general, previous to his appointment, with respect to Mr. Michael? Has the public opinion manifested itself in favor of your providing in this underhand and indirect mode, for your relations?

I have yet two other questions to ask, which I hope your *honor* will take in good part: they have no relation to your conduct as governor; but if answered in the affirmative, will shew that you never ought to have been governor. First: did not Charles Drum, blacken both your eyes, and give you a severe beating about some certificates, belonging to the estate of the late Capt. Seling, which you had improperly got possession of? Secondly, did not your cousin, and brother-in-law, black Simon Snyder, (for it appears you are doubly connected) give you a beating some years ago in consequence of a pecuniary family dispute?

A taylor by the name of Petriken, who was an insurgent in 1794, has lately been appointed a Prothonotary by you! Pray sir, what are the claims, and qualifications of this man, exclusive of his mechanical profession, his habitual intemperance, and his insurgency to entitle him to favor. The latter it may be presumed was his principal recommendation, particularly if we advert to your late illegal call upon a portion of the militia of this commonwealth, to oppose the United States. In this case, a sympathetic attachment, a kind of *animal magnetism* may have drawn you together.

You seem to think, that floating with the popular opinion is governing; in this you are extremely mistaken; as well might it be said, that a ship on the ocean, left to the mercy of the winds and waves, was well navigated. An executive being governed by the people, might in the language of Capt. O'Brien, be compared to a person stationed at the mast-head, to discover *shoals* and *breakers*, taking his directions for avoiding them, from the crew on the main deck, to whom they were not visible.

Your ridiculous *cant* about public opinion, is despised by some of the best informed democrats, as they are called of your own party, who consider it a mere subterfuge for your ignorance, or a cloak to cover the gratification of your personal resentments.

In my next number, I will mention several cases in which the public opinion is in hostility to your appointments.

A REPUBLICAN.

A ludicrous instance of the imitative powers of the

ORANG OUTANG,

From Bingley's Animal Biography.

Pere Carbasson brought up an Orang Outang, which became so fond of him, that wherever he went it always seemed desirous of accompanying him; whenever, therefore, he had to perform the service of his church, he was always under the necessity of shutting it up in a room. Once, however, the animal escaped, and followed the father to the church, where silently mounting on the sounding board above the pulpit, he lay perfectly still till the sermon commenced. He then crept to the edge and overlooking the preacher, imitated all his gestures in so grotesque a manner that the whole congregation was unavoidably caused to laugh. The father surprised and confounded at this ill-timed levity, severely reproved his audience for their inattention. The reproof failed in its effect, the congregation still laughed, and the preacher, in the warmth of his zeal, redoubled his vociferations and his actions; these the ape imitated so exactly, that the congregation could no longer retain themselves, but burst out into a loud and continued laugh. A friend of the preacher at length stepped up to him, and pointed out the cause of this improper conduct, and such was the arch demeanour of this animal, that it was with the utmost difficulty he could command the muscles of his countenance, and keep himself apparently serious, while he ordered the servants of the church to take him away.

A Sailor went into a barber's shop to have his beard taken off. The barber happened to have but one razor, and that, for want of proper intimacy with the hone and strap, was rather dull. The sailor took his seat, and the barber began to execute his office, and at every scrape, (which gave the sailor extreme pain) he would cry, 'Do I shave easy, sir, do I shave easy, sir?' The sailor bore the scratching with a good deal of patience for some time: however, the barber taking him by the nose, and after several severe scrapes, which made Jack think skin and all was gone by the board, continuing to repeat the question, 'Do I shave easy, sir?' Jack gravely replied, 'Honest friend, to answer your question, you must first inform me what your are about; if you call it skinning, it is tolerable easy—but if you call it shaving, it's d...d hard.'

EXTRACT

From GEOFFRY GUMBADO's Instructions

TO

GROWN HORSEMEN.

....

'Touching the apparel then, I will begin at top. Wear a wig, if possible, the larger and whiter it is, the safer for you, for should your horse prove what is properly termed, *too many* for you and make off, nothing but the singularity of your appearance can restore you to your disconsolate family. The hollowing and hooting of the boys that this will occasion, will enable your friends to trace you through most of the villages you may have past; and at the worst, to know in what part of the country to have you cried.

'I never admired a round hat, but with a large wig it is insupportable. A cocked hat besides this advantage over its competitor, the dignity it gives to the most unhappy countenance, has so many others that it is wonderful to me, it is not universally worn. If in windy weather you are blinded, in rainy you are deluged by a round hat: whereas one properly cocked, will retain the water till you arrive at your baiting place, and keep your head, apt to be heated by riding, agreeably cool; having much the same effect on it that a pan of water has upon a flower pot.

'Let your boot be somewhat short, and the knees of your breeches but just reach the joint, so that the flap of the saddle may be continually curling up, and chafing you between the confines of your boots and breeches, it will satisfy you that your leg is in a proper position.

'When mounted there is a grace to be observed. Lean the body pretty well forward over the pommel of the saddle, there is an appearance of airness in it that embellishes the figure of a rider very much indeed; particularly if he be mounted on a long backed horse who throws his saddle forward, and is unencumbered with a cruppes; here he exhibits an elegant picture of careless indifference, and seems contemptuously to leave the world behind him.

'The being able to guide a horse is a matter of some moment on the road, though it may not be so any where else. Ride with a lash whip; it shews the sportsman. If your horse bears too much on the right, of course you drop the reins entirely on that side, and pull them up sharply with both hands on the other; but if that does not answer, you must refer to your whip, and a good smart cut over the right cheek and eye, will soon set him straight again.

'The next enquiry is how to set off. Before ever your horse gets into motion, clap both your spurs into him pretty sharp; this will set him a-going for the whole day and shew him that you have got spurs on, which if he did not know he might incline to be idle. Thus then you go off with eclat, provided nothing is in your horse's way, and if there is, you have put him so on his mettle, he will probably leap over it. Indeed it is far from improbable he may run away with you! but if he does you will make a most spirited appearance.

'When a man is once run away with, the first thing that occurs to him is how to stop his horse. A French count tried several expedients, one of which only answered, which was by running at the rubbing house; dashing at this with true French spirit, he produced the desired effect; his horse not being able to proceed, stopped, and that so suddenly, that the earl of Pembroke would have been dislodged, and old New-castle himself lain with his mother earth. The count it is true, came off, but tolerably well; the horse broke his own head and the count's likewise, so that according to the ancient opinion of two negatives making an affirmative, little or no harm was done.

'Having said thus much on the subject of being run away with, it is necessary I should decide for the benefit of my readers on the means I most approve of, for putting a stop to such doings; and I am clearly for the stable door; if entering it full speed, you should be afraid of your head, spread out your legs sufficiently, and your horse will go in without you.'

On TRUE COURAGE.

Porsenna, the most potent king of his time in Italy, having undertaken to restore the Tarquins to the throne of Rome, from which they had been banished for their cruelty and oppression, sent proposals to the senate for that purpose; but finding they were rejected with scorn, he advanced towards Rome in a confident persuasion that he should easily reduce it. When he came to the bridge, and saw the Romans drawn up in order of battle before the river, he was surprised at their resolution, and not doubting but he should overpower them by numbers, prepared to fight. The two armies being engaged, fought with great bravery, and long contended for victory. After great slaughter on both sides, the Romans began to give way, and were quickly put to flight. All fled into the city over the bridge, which at the same time would have afforded a passage to the enemy, if Rome had not found, in the heroic courage of one of her citizens, a bulwark as strong as the highest walls. Publius Horatius was the man, surnamed Cocles, because he had but one eye, having lost the other in a battle. He was the strongest and most undaunted of all the Romans. He used every method to stop the flying army; but perceiving that neither entreaties nor exhortations could overcome their fear, he resolved, however badly supported he might be, to defend the entrance of the bridge till it was demolished behind. On the success of this depended the preservation of the city. Only two Romans followed his example, and partook of his danger; nay, when he saw but few planks of the bridge remaining, he obliged them to retire & save themselves. Standing alone against the whole army; but perserving his intrepidity, he even dared to insult his numerous enemies; and cast terrible looks upon the principal Etrurians, one while challenging them to single combat, and then bitterly reproaching them. 'Vile slaves that you are,' said he, 'not satisfied with being unmindful of your own, ye are come to deprive others of their liberty, who have had courage to assume it.' Covered with his buckler, he sustained a shower of darts; and at last, when they were all preparing to rush upon him, the bridge was entirely demolished, and Cocles, throwing himself with his arms into the Tyber, safely swam over, having performed an action, says Livy, that will command the admiration, more than the faith of posterity. He was received in triumph by the Romans. The people erected him a brazen statue in armour in the most conspicuous part of the forum. As much land was given him as he could surround with a plough in a day. All the inhabitants, both men and women, contributed to his reward; and in the midst of a dreadful scarcity, almost every person in the city, depriving themselves of a part of their subsistance, made him a present of provisions.

While the Romans were at war with the Gauls, [A. R. 394] the latter advanced as far as the banks of the river Anio, within three miles of Rome. The Romans marched against them; the two armies continued some time in sight of each other, without coming to action, separated only by the bridge over the river. A Gaul of gigantic stature, advanced upon the bridge, and cried out with a loud voice, 'Let the bravest man in the Roman army enter the lists with me; the success of our combat shall determine which is the most valiant nation.' His extraordinary size and fierce looks struck the Romans with such terror, that for a long time, not one in the whole army appeared to accept his challenge. At length young Manlius, who had so remarkably signalized his piety for his father, touched with a just sense of the affront offered to the Roman name, quitted his post, and flying to the dictator, asked leave to encounter the enemy. 'Tho' I were sure of victory,' says he, 'I would not fight this proud Gaul, without your order; but if you will give me leave, I will make this boaster know, that I am of the blood of that Manlius, whose valour proved so fatal to the Gauls on the capitol.' The dictator, who had been very uneasy that no Roman had accepted the challenge before, readily complied with the request of the youth. 'Go, Manlius,' said he, 'and humble the pride of this insulting enemy: revenge the cause of the city where you first drew your breath, as successfully as you relieved him to whom you owe it.' Upon this the young Roman, having changed the round buckler, which he wore as a Roman knight, for a square one, and armed himself with a short sword, fit both for stabbing and cutting, advanced against the Gaul, who was strutting about in his armour, making an ostentatious shew of his strength. Both Romans and Gauls retired to their respective posts, leaving the bridge free for the two champions. The Gaul, says Livy, began the combat, by discharging a great blow with his long sword at Manlius, which made much noise, but did no execution. Hereupon the young Roman dexterously slipping under his enemy's shield, stabbed him in two places; so that he soon fell, and covered, to use Livy's expression, a vast piece of ground with his enormous body. The conqueror cut off his head, and without troubling himself about the rest of the spoils, only seized a golden collar which he tore from his neck, and, bloody as it was, put it upon his own, in token of his victory; and hence he got the surname of Torquatus, which he transmitted to his posterity. The event of this fight so discouraged the Gauls, that they abandoned their camp in the night, and retired into Campania.

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